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Aunt Becky's Green Chair.

(By Susan Hubbard Martin in the 'Ram's Horn.')

There wasn't much in the front room. Only the big bed with its plump little pillows and gay patchwork quilt. The table was a box covered with white muslin with ample ruffles of the same, edged with coarse, cotton lace. There was one picture on the wall. Someone had given it to Aunt Becky years before, 'Washington Crossing the Delaware.' The frame was of oak and the picture itself was stained and colored with age. A rag carpet covered the floor. One cane-seated chair stood primly against the wall and there was a chest of drawers in the corner.

"IT'S A CHAIR," THE MAN EXPLAINED SMILINGLY . . . "THE CHURCH LADIES GAVE IT TO YOU."

In the next room, however, it was more cheerful, for in this Aunt Becky lived and received her friends. There wasn't much here either, for she had toiled hard all her life. There had never been any time to rest, or any money to spend, except for necessities.

A wooden cupboard occupied one corner, on the top of which reposed her big Bible and spectacles. The cooking stove stood out from the wall, clean and shining. There was a plant or two in the window, a little round table on which she ate her meals, and two chairs one a straight-backed, wooden one, the other a small rocker. A braided rug or two lay on the floor.

Adjoining this room was a small shed where she kept her articles of labor, namely, her tubs, her boiler, and her washboard. Aunt Becky was a beautiful washer and disdained any of the new fangled methods of making work easier. She believed in working with her hands. No clothes could be whiter than hers, no linen sweeter, but it had come sorrowfully home to Aunt Becky of late that her active days were over.

At seventy-eight she had given up the struggle. She could work no more. Never again would she hang out her clean clothes under the blue sky; never again would she pile them, fresh and sweet-smelling, into the big basket. The steam and water of continual wash-days had done their work well.

Aunt Becky could never wash again; a long life and a hard one, yet not without its happy hours. Now she sat all day in her little room, sewing carpet rags as best she could with her poor, crippled, rheumatic, water-soaked fingers. There had been some talk of putting her in the poor-house, but after the first conversation with her, the committee had given it up. Aunt Becky had sobbed piteously. 'Can't I stay here?' she had asked imploringly. 'I ain't helpless and I don't want much—only a little bread and tea. The rent is small. It seems like I just can't leave it all. Besides there's the church.'

Sure enough they had forgotten that. Her chin had quivered and there had been a pleading look in the dim and faded eyes. No one could take any action after that.

The poor-house was far out in the country and Aunt Becky's little rooms were right in town, close to the church she loved. By slow and painful walking she managed to reach it every Sunday morning, where she sat well up in front, eager and attentive. To have taken her away from the services, the prayer-meeting and the Sunday School would have been little short of cruelty. So the matter was quietly dropped and provisions made for her at home.

'I was down to see Aunt Becky yesterday,' said young Mrs. Fletcher at the Aid Society that afternoon. 'Can't we do something for her. Her rheumatism is so bad. Her rooms are clean and comfortable enough, but the chairs are awful. She needs something to lie down on.'

'How would a reclining chair do?' asked a soft voice.

Little Mrs. Fletcher turned. It was Miss Fairchild who had spoken; Miss Fairchild to whom every one in Finley went in trouble.

Miss Fairchild was small and pale and fragile and she walked with a crutch herself, but her smile was sunny, her face bright, and she never alluded to her infirmity. If she suffered she kept it to herself. Blessed with a handsome fortune, and the consecrated desire to do good, it was astonishing how much she accomplished. Yet so quietly, so noiselessly, so unobtrusively was it all performed that half the time no one knew who the good fairy had been.

'The very thing,' cried Mrs. Fletcher beamingly, 'but can we manage it? Funds are low and there are other things. The ladies have agreed to pay Aunt Becky's rent, and Mr. Towne has given her a little order every week from his store, but reclining chairs—'

'Leave it to me,' said the same quiet voice. 'I reproach myself already for not thinking of it. Poor Aunt Becky!'

'Ah, but you must let the rest of us have a hand in that,' cried Mrs. Allen laughingly. 'Here's a pencil and a paper, pass it around and let us each give what we can. Aunt Becky's reclining chair! I'm sure it's a privilege to give to that. There is scarcely one of us present but that is indebted to her for some past kindness.'

'That is so,' cried Mrs. Parkhill heartily. 'She stayed with my children while I attended the State Convention.'

'And she washed my lace curtains for me when I was too ill to do it myself,' said another.

'She made me a cough syrup that cured my little boy's cold,' added someone else, and so it went on until nearly everyone had spoken.

Miss Fairchild never told how much she

added to the sum raised that afternoon. Some of the members would have opened their eyes had they known, but Miss Fairchild kept her own counsel. She selected the chair herself, the handsomest, easiest and strongest one in the whole establishment down in the city, with soft, yielding cushions of lovelist green; a chair fit for a millionaire's home, or for a queen or a princess, and she only smiled when she paid for it.

Aunt Becky's rheumatism was bad that day and the old wooden rocking chair was uncomfortable. Every once in a while she sighed from pain caused by her cramped position. A cheerful fire burned on the shining stove and the old cat purred at her feet.

Aunt Becky rocked back and forth thinking deeply.

'Yes,' she whispered, 'it would just about kill me to have to go to the poor-house. I don't know but I'd run away if they put me there. They declare they won't, but maybe they'll get tired of caring for me. I wish I was sure about it. The church members say they love me, but I'm afraid, I'm afraid.'

A knock sounded at the door.

'Come in,' quavered Aunt Becky.

A man entered, half lifting, half pushing a heavy article done up in brown wrapping paper.

'Bless my heart,' cried Aunt Becky surprisedly, 'what's that? Why, it's got wheels.'

'It's a chair,' the man explained smilingly. 'A reclining chair. There's a card on it. The church ladies gave it to you. You can fix it to suit yourself. You can have a bed, a sofa, or a chair, whichever you please. Let me show you.'

He untied the wrappings and handed the card to Aunt Becky. Aunt Becky looked at the card and at the names attached, and back at the chair again. She could scarcely believe her eyes. Such a beautiful, beautiful chair stood before her, of polished wood, with soft, green, velvet, luxurious cushions.

When the man had gone Aunt Becky knelt down by it. She felt of the shining wood, smoothed the soft cushions, then she sat down in it, relaxing her tired and weary limbs.

'Oh, Lord,' she whispered, 'it's good to sit in a chair like this. It's good to have such friends. It's good to have the assurance of a home in heaven when life is over. In seventy-eight years I've never had anything so grand, so soft, so beautiful, and to think it's mine. Green, too. I love green. I've always thought it was a favorite color up in heaven. Don't the old hymns say:

'Sweet fields beyond the swelling floods,
Stand dressed in living green.
'And
'There is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall.'

'Yes, it's a favorite color up there. I'm sure of it. It won't be a great while till I go to find out and meantime I can have a little taste of it here as I sit and meditate in this beautiful, green chair.'

She took up the card, regarding it with loving eyes. 'They do love me after all,' she whispered. 'I guess I needn't be afraid of going to the poor-house. Folks with friends like mine don't have to go. Lord, forgive me for my doubts.'

She folded her knotted hands and sat motionless. Suddenly her old cracked voice quivered into the old hymn:

'How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word;
What more can He say than to you He hath said,
To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled.

'Fear not, I am with thee, oh be not dismayed,
For I am thy God and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent Hand.'

'What, singing,' a voice asked at her elbow.

Aunt Becky started. It was the minister.

'Haven't you a text that will go with the chair, too, Aunt Becky?' he said.

'Yes,' replied Aunt Becky solemnly. She smoothed the soft green cushions with a tender and reverent touch, then she looked up. Her old eyes were full of tears.

'He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, He leadeth me beside the still waters.'

The minister understood. He stooped and took the wrinkled hand. 'Let us praise Him together, Aunt Becky,' he said.

Lost Secrets

Years ago an Italian priest, named Luigi Taranti, discovered a method of making stained glass, the coloring of which was declared to be equal to that made by the ancients, whose secret has been lost. Taranti abandoned the priesthood and set to work to execute the hundreds of commissions he received, in the secrecy of his workshop at Ostia, near Rome.

The finest stained-glass windows in Italy were made by him, and he guarded his secret well, for when a year later he was found dead of blood-poisoning it was realized that he had carried the secret with him. The cleverest workmen were called in to examine the ingredients, but they one and all failed to find out the dead man's secret.

The first man who was successful in taking photographs in color was a martyr to his discovery, the secret of which was lost. Some years ago, Dr. Herbert Franklin, of Chicago, submitted a number of colored photographs to the leading American scientific institutions, and the encouragement he received was such that he built himself a laboratory, proof against the wiles of spies, at the cost of $15,000, wherein to perfect his invention. In the preparation of his plates he used a charcoal fire, and one day when he omitted to open the ventilators he was found suffocated. He had told no one of his methods, and the way in which his plates were prepared was a problem that baffled men to this day.

A man who discovered how to make ulminite, an explosive that would have entirely altered warfare, and to whom the German Government offered twenty thousand pounds for his invention, unexpectedly came to his death in an explosion in his laboratory, and the secret is a lost one.

There are, indeed, many lost secrets; but it was not a lost secret, but an open secret, that the apostle Paul was writing about when he said, 'I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content.' 'Godliness with contentment is great gain.' Piety connected with a contented mind, a mind trusting and calm, and satisfied with God's will, this is the highest possible riches, the greatest gain. Trade secrets are sometimes kept, but this secret is free to all—how to be rich without money—how to obtain the wealth of Christian contentment.

These are the open secrets to a happy life. It is a happy fact that while we cannot all be rich in money, we can all possess that godliness which with contentment is great gain. May we be so happy as to learn St. Paul's secret and come into this rich possession.—Dr. Hallock in the 'Cottager and Artisan.'

A Fortune Given for a Pink.

In Austria it had long been thought that among aristocratic ladies the Princess Pauline Metternich, widow of the former Paris ambassador under the second empire, bore the palm in the accomplishment of charitable works in Vienna. This honor, however, the Princess disclaimed not long ago in conversation with some of her friends. She said: "The most charitable lady in Austria is the Baroness Reinelt of Trieste, whose husband lately died, leaving behind him a fortune of 20,000,000 florins to the State for benevolent purposes. Three years ago,' continued the Princess, 'when I was president of the committee for the music exhibition, we made the disagreeable discovery on winding it up that we had a large deficit. I got up a flower corso and a flower show, where ladies sold flowers. Among the visitors was Baroness Reinelt, to whom I offered a pink. "How much may I pay for this flower?" she asked. "There are no limits set to your generosity, Baroness," I answered. "Well, then," she said, "I will pay enough for it to cover the arrears of the music exhibition." The amount required for this purpose,' added the Princess, 'was 95,000 florins, or £8,000.'

Religious Notes.

To the Zenana Bible and Medical Mission belongs the honor of being the oldest missionary society working specifically for the regeneration of India's womanhood. One of the chief channels by means of which the Gospel is taken to the women and children is the agency of medical missions. There are now six hospitals under the care of the society situate at Lucknow, Benares, Patna, Ajoudhya, Jaunpur, and Nasik. The total number of in-patients registered last year was 2,066, while the out-patients amounted to 595; and the attendances at the dispensaries numbered 83,494. The women doctors are all fully qualified, and the Indian hospital assistants are thoroughly equipped and carefully trained for their important tasks. The missionaries and Bible-women have access to 11,233 zennas, and the Bible-women visit 1,529 villages.—'Missionary Review of Reviews.'

Mrs. Florence B. Manly writes to 'World-Wide Missions,' that the 'closing session of the West China Annual Meeting, held at Chentu, January 23 to 28, was turned into an enthusiastic impromptu foreign missionary meeting. It would seem as if the mission in the farthest interior of China, located as it were at the ends of the earth, could have no "foreign" missionary motive. But for some years Tibet has been in the hearts of many foreign missionaries and native workers. A number of the Chinese Christians have expressed their desire to go into the regions beyond. This would probably mean to them a sacrifice even greater than that made by the Caucasian who comes among the Mongolians. The food, habits, and customs of the Tibetans are as strange and often as repellent to them as are the Chinese customs to Europeans. It was on the last evening of the session that the fire was kindled most brightly. Foreign missionaries had privately subscribed a fund of $245 in addition to $100 which had been sent from home for the purpose of opening a station among Tibetans. At this closing meeting it was decided to solicit contributions from the Chinese preachers. Each one present contributed an amount varying from fifty cents to $10. (The latter amount is nearly one month's salary of a Chinese preacher.) These subscriptions amounted to $155, making a total fund of $500 for commencing mission work in Batang. Later, when the bishop's appointments were read, we heard the announcement: "Batang: Mr. Buh and Mr. Tsen." A request was then made for a few words from these first foreign missionaries who were to go out from the native church in West China.'

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the maintenance of the launch: Mary S. Williams, Knowlton, $1.00.

Received for the cots: Helen E. Williams, Knowlton, $1.50; R. M. MacCurdy, Onslow Station, N.S., $5.00; total, $6.50.

Received for the Komatik: Mary S. Williams, Knowlton, $1.00.

Previously acknowledged for the launch	$539.84
Previously acknowledged for the cots	109.98
Previously acknowledged for the Komatik	86.85
Total received up to August 20	$745.17

Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, indicating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatik, or cots.

All contributions in the way of clothing, etc., must be sent to Miss Roddick, 80 Union Ave., Montreal.

LESSON—SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1907.

Moses Pleading With Israel.

Deut. 6: 1-15. Memory verses, 4-7. Read Deut. v., vi.

Golden Text.

Beware lest thou forget the Lord.—Deut. 6: 12.

Home Readings.

Monday, Sept. 9.—Deut. iv., 1-24.
Tuesday, Sept. 10.—Deut. iv., 25-49.
Wednesday, Sept. 11.—Deut. v., 1-21.
Thursday, Sept. 12.—Deut. v., 22-33.
Friday, Sept. 13.—Deut. vi., 1-25.
Saturday, Sept. 14.—Deut. vii., 1-26.
Sunday, Sept 15.—Deut. viii., 1-20.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

Did you ever hear about the poor little boy who had a hole in his memory? First of all it was only the little things that were apt to drop through, as a nail might through a small hole in your pocket, but by-and-bye as things kept dropping through they kept making the hole bigger and bigger until almost the only words the poor boy could say were 'Oh! I forgot.' He was a great trouble to people, but they were very sorry for him, too, because as they said 'he'll never be able to get on in the world with a terrible hole in his memory like that.' Let us say the golden text over together, it is only six words—'Beware lest thou forget the Lord.' What word in this golden text do you suppose made me think of the story I was just telling you? Yes, the word 'forget.' It was Moses who said these words to the Israelites. Poor Moses, he had led these people for a great many years and he knew that he was going to leave them soon. He had tried to teach them about God, but now he was afraid they would forget. What is the first word in our text? 'Beware!' That is a word of what we call warning—a word that shows there is danger ahead. Perhaps there is an angry bull in a field and the farmer who owns him puts up a notice—'Beware of the bull!' You would be very silly to try to cross that field, and take no notice of the warning, wouldn't you? Moses, however, was afraid of a much worse danger than merely death. We have been learning for a long while about the wonderful things God had done for the Israelites, yet here was Moses afraid that they would forget God.

Try to bring home to the children that although God has done far more for us than even for the Israelites, yet we are constantly liable to forget God.

FOR THE JUNIORS.

The chapters in which Moses rehearses the life of Israel in the wilderness and evens up the reasons they have to remember God's goodness and mercy are of the greatest interest and reveal the aged leader as full of tender yearning over the people he is about to relinquish to another's leadership. Above even this, however, there shines his zeal for God. His denouncements of those who forsake him are pitiless. His realization of God at such an early stage of divine revelation is marvellous. His urgency that the people should talk of the law at all times and keep the words not only in their hearts, but in constant sight, would not be out of place today. It is so easy to say, 'Oh, it is not consistent with our national and proper reserve that we should talk of sacred things,' but 'out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh,' and it will be natural to us to speak of that which most fills our thoughts. If we never speak of God and holy things, the world has a right to judge that we never think of such. The rigidness with which the later Jews stuck to the letter of the law called from Christ some of His sternest rebukes (Matt. 23: 5, 23. Luke 11: 3, 9). The binding of God's word on forehand and arm was taken literally and assumed to have a virtue in itself. It is, however, now as ever, that it is the spirit of our actions that matters. 'God is a spirit and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth.'

SELECTIONS.

Verse 13. Thou shalt serve Him. 'Two gospels lie side by side in the New Testament. There is the gospel of being helped and the gospel of being helpful. . . . Beside the parable of the Prodigal Son stands the parable of the Good Samaritan. Beside the blessed invitations stand the Beatitudes on service. We have only half the joy and blessing if we stop short after hearing the first glad word. We have the full message when we hear the lips that whispered 'Come unto me,' saying also, 'Go ye' into all the world.'—'Sunday School Times.'

Verse 9. Write them upon the posts of thy house. This is the origin of the Jewish Mezuza, the name given to the square piece of parchment, inscribed with Deut. vi., 4-9 and xi., 13-21, which is rolled up in a small cylinder of wood or metal, and affixed to the right-hand post of every door in a Jewish house. The pious Jew touches the Mezuza on each occasion of passing, or kisses his finger, and says in Hebrew Psalm cxxi.: 8, 'The Lord shall preserve thy going out," etc.'—Cook. The name of God is always seen on the outside through an opening, or through the glass case.—Peloubet's Notes.

It is true, as Herbert Spencer says, that education alone, especially secular education, 'creeds pasted on the memory, good principles learned by rote, lessons in right and wrong will not eradicate vicious propensities. . . All history, both of the race and the individual, goes to prove that in a majority of cases precepts do not act at all. . . But if you make virtue loved and vice loathed, if you arouse a noble desire, if you bring into life a previously dormant sentiment, . . . if, in short, you produce a state of mind to which proper behavior is natural, spontaneous, instinctive, you do some good.'

I don't think Satan cares what we worship, so long as we don't worship God.—Moody.

No one knows how much good he can do simply by professing his faith before men: of course, having is more important than professing, but what is the good of having a flag if you keep it always up in your closet?—'Sunday-school Times.'

BIBLE REFERENCES.

Deut. iv., 7-9, 29-31, 39; viii., 2, 3; xxx., 19, 20; Psa. cxix., 16; xxxvi., 11; John xiv., 15; Heb. ii., 1; Deut. v., 29.

C. E. Topic.

GOD'S OMNISCIENCE.

Sunday, Sept. 15.—Topic—God's omniscience. Isa. xl., 12-31.

Junior C. E. Topic.

SHOW YOUR COLORS.

Monday, Sept. 9.—Daniel exalted. Dan. vi., 1-3.

Tuesday, Sept. 10.—Daniel envied. Dan. vi., 4-9.

Wednesday, Sept. 11.—David's custom and Daniel's. Ps. lv., 17.

Thursday, Sept. 12.—God on Daniel's side. Ps. cxviii., 6.

Friday, Sept. 13.—How Moses showed his colors. Heb. xi., 24-27.

Saturday, Sept. 14.—Be not afraid. Luke xii., 4.

Sunday, Sept. 15.—Topic. — How Daniel showed his colors. Dan. vi., 10, 11.

THE IDEAL SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER.

There was once a state governor who was accustomed, when signing his name in unofficial correspondence, to put after it, 'S. S. Teacher.' When asked why he did so, as most men would wish to call attention to their most important office, he replied: 'I consider no office on earth more important than that of a Sunday school teacher!' This man certainly realized, as every Sunday school teacher ought to realize, the great importance of his position. I have, times not a few, thrown out in small public meetings the question, 'What influence more than others led you to accept Christ?' Two influences have always headed the list—that of 'Christian parents' and 'Sunday school teachers.' The boys and girls of to-day will doubtless bear testimony along the same line in years to come.

My own memory goes back of the years, and the face of a genial, kindly, warm-hearted Christian man comes once more before me—my old Sunday school teacher. It is sometimes said of some ministers that they are 'better pastors than preachers.' This man was not an ideal teacher, but he was a splendid shepherd. The good shepherd knows his sheep, and my old Sunday school teacher knew his boys. He had a better acquaintance with us, and we with him, than one hour a week in the class could possibly have given. He visited at our homes. Our parents knew him. It we were absent, even for a few weeks, he was sure to look us up. He used to have occasional class gatherings at his home, which we boys greatly enjoyed. 'Must have had lots of time!' No, he was a busy business man—a produce merchant—he took the time! Outside the class we boys used sometimes to hear him spoken of as a man without reproach in his business life, and we learned to believe in him. He was interested in the salvation of every member of the class. He aimed at nothing short of conversion. Sought to accomplish his aim by prayer, practical application of the lesson and personal talks. He never gave up. The result was that one after another the boys were won to Christ. One or two of them, at least, became ministers of the gospel. I have come to believe that the most important factor in Sunday school work is the Sunday school teacher.

The question is often asked: 'How can I get a hold upon those girls, those boys?' Plans are important, but the all-important thing is to have a genuine interest in the class. Let the class get a mighty hold upon the heart of the teacher, and the teacher will soon have a hold upon the class. 'Can I have a little corner in the gallery?' This question was put to the superintendent by an earnest young Christian girl of my acquaintance in Milwaukee some years ago. 'Certainly!' The next Sunday she came with one or two girls whom she had herself hunted up. So on, one by one, and Sunday after Sunday, until it took a big corner in the gallery to hold them.

'And the teachers shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever.' I wonder if the governor was not right when he said, 'I consider no office on earth more important than that of a Sunday school teacher!'—E. O. Smith, in the 'Standard.'

A Little More Than Necessary.

Going a little farther than one needs to—in the right direction—is the only way to make progress. Not to do better than is expected of us is to become mediocre. A New England railroad president gave the solid advice: 'Let every man in public or private business, whether he is working for himself or for another, a little more than fill the position he occupies. When he does that, and has established the fact that he can a little more than fill that he will go onward and upward until he finally reaches the highest step in his profession or calling.' Character-building and spiritual growth demand the same rule. It is God's way toward us: 'Good measure, pressed down, shaken together, running over.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

THE RED, RED WINE:

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

THE REV. J. JACKSON WRAY'S LAST STORY.

PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF WILLIAM BRIGGS, TORONTO.

One would surely think that after all the varied experiences that Norwood Hayes had had of the power and curse of drink, it would not have been difficult for him to have kept the pledge he had taken under such strong emotion. Still another witness had been added to the testimony against the drink, for his wife, the mother of Cuthbert and Alice, had just died, a maudlin drink-made idiot. She, too, might have been saved had Norwood Hayes, from the outset of their married lives, despised the strength that was in him, and not the weakness that was in her.

Besides this, Cuthbert was under restraint. True there was a hope that the drink habit might eventually be broken, and he be restored to sanity and his friends, but if so, surely this was all the more reason that Norwood Hayes should observe his vow with all the more rigid austerity.

CHAPTER XLII.

The culminating point in the history of Netherborough had arrived.

After much delay and no little anxiety on the part of the promoters, the new railway, which was confidently expected to work such wonders, was at last completed.

Netherburghers were at their wit's-end to devise a fitting commemoration that should proportionately culmatch the initial ceremony, and do full justice to this far more auspicious occasion.

In one especial point did this celebration differ from the previous one. On the urgent advice of Norwood Hayes, the free and festive beer-barrel was emitted from the programme; this, in the eyes of a few droughty souls, made the second ceremony far less imposing than the first, but it was certainly far better for everybody concerned. It was through Mr. Hayes, too, that the principal actors in the scene partook of luncheon, instead of an evening banquet. Mr. Hayes hoped by this means to avoid a train of ghastly incidents similar to those that had occurred on the previous occasion.

Of course, Huddlestone, the railway king, played the most prominent part in the proceedings, and as a set-off to the absence of free beer, as many of the inhabitants as cared to avail themselves of the privilege, were given a free ride to the neighboring town of Brocklesbank and back. The more highly favored travelling in the same train as the railway king.

Among the rest, old Aaron Brigham, in the character of the 'oldest inhabitant,' received special honors. He was introduced to Mr. Huddlestone himself, and after much persuasion he was induced to perform the initial journey in the great man's company.

The rate at which the train moved, some twenty miles an hour at most, was to him something extraordinary, and when Mr. Huddlestone at length asked him, 'Well, Mr. Brigham, and what do you think of railway travel?' he answered in his broad East Riding doric, 'Weel, sir, it seeams te me thet it is a reear and grand reeate te gan te hivven at, bud it mun be a parlous bizness if t' rod lees t'other woy;' and I doubt not that to Aaron the latter seemed the likelier similitude of the two.

Luncheon was provided in a big marquee, specially provided for the occasion, and erected in the station-yard. The chair was occupied by Mr. Huddlestone, who was supported by the Mayor of York, several directors of the railway company, the chief of the landed proprietary, Mr. Norwood Hayes, and many more of the prominent inhabitants of Netherborough and Brocklesbank. Grace was duly said, and the luncheon commenced.

Norwood Hayes, true to the pledge he had so solemnly taken, abstained from partaking of any alcoholic liquors, of which there was a plentiful supply, during the course of the luncheon. He was, however, greatly perturbed in mind as to what he should do when the toast list was reached. There was no doubt in his inmost soul as to what was the best and most manly thing for him to do, and perhaps the question would not have arisen had it not been for the fact that he had been chosen to propose 'Success to the new railway.'.

He had taken the pledge, and he was conscious that throughout the luncheon he had been, and was, the object of the closest scrutiny of his son-in-law, Walter Bardsley. He felt that Walter had followed his example in scrupulously abstaining from intoxicants, and more, he felt on his present course of action might, in all probability, rest the future of his son-in-law, and the happiness of his girl.

But how could he help himself, he asked. That was where he made the mistake. He could not help himself. His only help must come from above.

The Chairman had already proposed the usual patriotic and loyal toast, and the eyes of the guests, after consulting the toast list, were already beginning to fix themselves on Norwood aHyes, and still the struggle went on within him.

Before him stood the wine-glass—empty.

'And now, ladies and gentlemen, it is my very pleasant duty,' said the Chairman, 'to call on Norwood Hayes, Esq., to propose the toast of the occasion, "Success to the new railway."'

The victory was lost and won. The very devils laughed in anticipation of their triumph, and a quiver passed over Walter Bardsley's face as he saw Norwood Hayes rise, reach for a bottle of wine that stood handy—it was only claret, and prepare to fill the glass that stood before him.

'Surely not in claret, Mr. Hayes,' said the chairman. 'Some more generous wine than that is befitting the occasion.'

But neither in claret nor in any other wine was that toast destined to be drunk that day.

Just at the moment when Norwood Hayes stood with the claret bottle poised in his hand, half undecided as to whether he might not just as well be 'hung for a sheep as a lamb;' just as Walter Bardsley had realized that one of his most needed props, a man of self-control, was giving way before his very eyes.

As he stood, a picture of weak-kneed vacillation, a cry of such awe-inspiring horror rose from the crowd assembled in the station-yard outside, as blanched the faces of most of those present, some of which were already deeply flushed with the volatile fumes of wine, and sent that unspeakable, undefinable thrill of fear through the hearts of all. Something had happened.

What was it? They all, with one accord, rose, deserted the festive scene, and made their way into the open, not knowing, hardly daring to think, what awaited them.

The first thing that met their gaze was a crowd gathered round and about the gates at the level-crossing, just beyond the station. On the outskirts were women weeping hysterically, and children, hardly knowing what had happened, stunned with the general sense of horror.

A way was at once made for Mr. Huddlestone and those with him, amongst whom were Norwood Hayes and Walter Bardsley. Some of the onlookers looked half reproachfully at the railway king, as if they would have said, 'See what your new railway has brought us!' but surely M.r Huddlestone was not to blame, though I think he felt the misfortune as much as any present.

Passing rapidly on to the lines, they were confronted with a ghastly sight. On the down rails lay the body of a horse, crushed and mangled into a shapeless mass, almost beyond recognition. It lay in a pool of blood, and rails and gates and everything around were marked and sprinkled with its life-blood. Just beyond, a little crowd stood round a dying man, over whom a graceful girl was stooping, doing her best to support him, but it was of no avail. At a glance Walter Bardsley recognized his sister, Jennie; another glance revealed the fact that the dying man was his erring brother, Dick.

'There's been an accident,' said Mr. Huddlestone in an undertone, as they made their way to the side of the dying man.

'I thought as much, but how it has come about is more than I can conceive. The gates are shut, and I gave most stringent orders that every care should be exercised. Still it's no time to find out how it's happened. It has happened. Do you know who the man is?' he added, turning to Walter.

'Yes. He's my brother.'

'Your brother! And who is that with him?'

'She is my sister.'

The tone was matter of fact, but Mr. Huddlestone knew enough of human nature to know that his young companion's heart was breaking. He knew how the accident had happened, though no one had told him.

Mr. Huddlestone said nothing in reply, but Dick felt his sympathy, perhaps all the more that he made no formal, feelingless parade of it. Instead, he showed it. He took charge of affairs. Sent for the doctor. Not daring to move the injured man till he arrived. Saw that the half-dazed station men kept back the crowd. Sent one for brandy and water. It was about the worst thing he could have done, but nobody knew or cared to know better then, and in any case it did no harm this time, for Dick would never touch it again. The doctor happened to be sober, but all that he could do was to tell them the sufferer was dead.

Tenderly and reverently they bore the crushed body to the house of Mr. Norwood Hayes.

They did not finish the toast list that day; did not even re-enter the marquee, and the free trains ceased running—there would have been no one to ride had they continued—and so the day that was to have been the most brilliant in the history of Netherborough, finished under the sobering influence of the shadow of death.

(To be Continued.)

Does Your Subscription Expire This Month?

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is September, it is time that renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance. When renewing, why not take advantage of the fine clubbing offers announced elsewhere in this issue?

The Life's Highway.

(Miss Aline Chester White, in the New York 'Observer.')

Though its only a brief 'good morning,'
Say it, 'twill brighten the day,
Of another, weary and care worn,
As you pass along life's way.

It may be the word you have spoken,
And the kind deed you have wrought,
Has helped and cheered your brother,
And to him God's sunshine brought.

It may be the deed of kindness
Will run through the coming years;
Your words shall live on forever,
Brighten eyes oft filled with tears,

Each word you have uttered of comfort,
Each heart by kindness won.
Will bless you on earth, and in Heaven
You shall hear God's sweet 'Well done.'

How the Headman Got the Brahmin's Blessing and the Missionary's Table Knife.

(The Rev. David Donald, Chittagong, in the 'Baptist Missionary Herald.')

I thought our reception in Ah Koy Roaja's village a little cold. So I sat down on my harmonium and waited the development of events. Ah Koy was the headman of the neighborhood. He was not a Christian, nor were there in that village any of our faith. Moreover, seated close beside him in conversation was a Hindoo Brahmin. I knew him for a priest, because, although the bitter cold of the hills had compelled him to add to his native costume a thick English jacket, nothing could prevent him from pulling a portion of his Brahmin's thread from under the coat, just as a boy in his Sunday clothes finds his jacket pocket quite large enough to hold his clean pocket handkerchief, yet must needs so adjust it that a portion of it is displayed to the general public. I feared as I sat and listened that perhaps this Mugh was one of those persons who, having no sufficient knowledge of their own religion, or of access to God, made offerings to the Hindoo priests that they might do for him the best they could with the great Creator. I therefore sat and listened.

Presently the priest suggested that as I had arrived they had better proceed to business, so that, his affairs being settled, I might have a free hand. The headman consented.

Accordingly the Brahmin, seating himself on an upturned swine's trough, began to read in a monotone a manuscript written in Mughee. My ignorance of the hill language kept me in suspense as to the purport of this interesting document. Meanwhile, my mind would keep running around, forming conjectures.

'Ah,' said Reflection to my credulous soul, 'this is a disquisition on some holy point of Hindu faith, touching in its graceful progress the sublime doctrine of the Creation, defiling with its idolatrous fingers the glories of Redemption, and turning the seeking soul into the filthy hands of inhuman incarnations for rest and peace.'

'Very likely!' I replied.

Presently a piece of green plantain leaf was brought and folded over a hatchet, then water was poured upon the leaf from a brazen vessel. And as the headman poured the water over the leaf he repeated, sentence by sentence, some formula after the priest.

'That,' said Reflection, 'is a Hindu creed or prayer.'

'No doubt,' I replied.

The priest then stood up and made an almost interminable recitation, in the course of which he touched the Roaja's head once or twice with the tips of his fingers. At the conclusion of all, the Roaja made a profound obeisance, his hands together, and his head almost touching the ground.

'Now,' whispered Reflection, 'he is worshipping the wet plantain leaf.' 'Or perhaps the Brahmin,' I rejoined. 'The affair being over, I turned to one of our Bengali preachers and asked him what this was all about. He replied that he did not understand the Mughee talk, but presumed that the priest was doing for this man what the Brahmins did for their Bengali clients, that is, predicting coming events, evil and auspicious.

Being anxious to have more than a supposition on the matter, I called Ko Thurji, a Mugh preacher, and put the case to him. 'Oh,' said he, 'The Brahmin has read to the unlettered man an extract from the Almanac, informing him when it will be new moon, when full moon, when the great fair of the neighborhood will be held, and when storms may be expected, for all of which the Roaja has presented the priest with a rupee! The Brahmin in his turn has bestowed a blessing upon the headman and the headman has bowed his thanks.' The profound obeisance which had so startled Reflection, I found, was a mere act of politeness, for it took place when I asked the Roaja to join me in a cup of tea, and again, when in return he presented me with a fowl; and indeed, before I knew what I was about, I found myself performing similar obeisances to this unlettered but hospitable Buddhist.

The headman was attended by a very ugly little fellow with a great scar on his breast, and clad in a ragged cloth. He seemed to act as a kind of jester, producing roars of laughter by his remarks, thrown in on all and various occasions. When my funny boatman (who by our party was called 'the Strong Man' on account of his large size and great strength) and this jester got together, and were seated in the midst of the company in the large hall of the Roaja's house, then the cold which had before oppressed the gathering thawed, and there was great merriment. As the sun declined I retired to the riverside for a little quiet, and could there hear the shouts of laughter that waited on the jokes of these mirth-makers. The jester appeared in a new character next morning, when he stepped into the middle of the village, armed with a gun, to have his photograph taken beside the Roaja as one of his armed tenants.

During my stay in the Roaja's house I was the fortunate recipient of presents, at various times, of milk, vegetables, date juice, and a fowl. In return I presented the Roaja with a copy of one of the Gospels carefully marked at those passages descriptive of the pictures he had seen in the magic lantern the previous night, so that when opportunity served he might refresh his memory with the Christian truth he had learnt. He promised to call together all the people around and have the book read in their hearing.

On the morning of our departure the cook came to me with a story about the Roaja wanting me to give him a photograph and a knife. On making inquiries I found that the gentleman had expressed such a wish. As to the picture, I was quite willing, and getting out my camera offered to include his family as well, but he preferred that his armed tenants should be with him, and when he died his family would be able to keep him in remembrance. The knife for which he had asked was, I found, a table knife, and as they were my good wife's property I feared to return home minus one of them. So on that subject I said nothing. But presently, as we were seated in the house, the Roaja turned to the cook and began to address him. Divining what was coming I hastened to anticipate him, determining rather to brave domestic trouble than appear ungenerous.

'Oh, yes!' I burst in. 'I hear that you would like a knife. Certainly! Cook, how many knives have you?'

'Two, sir! a large one and a small one.'

'Then give the Roaja the large one,' I replied.

The countenance of the cook fell. It was much against his idea of the propriety of things to part with any portion of the eating machinery of his employer. With great reluctance he found the knife and passed it to the Roaja. If the face of the cook was overcast it was so because the sunshine had passed onwards to that of the Roaja. His features literally beamed with delight. He turned the knife over and over and passed it round for admiration. I suppose it was a good one, for it was bought at one of those happy seasons when young ladies are a subject of great interest, and they themselves feel that they must have everything good, as weddings don't come every day, especially one's own.

The Roaja told me he would have it made very sharp and use it to shave with. I smiled as I thought of my own fine hollow-ground razor, and recoiled from the idea of shaving with a table-knife.

But I burst out laughing when he told me that the next time he goes to see the king he will tell him he has a better knife than the king has among all his treasures, 'Whereupon,' he continued, 'the king will offer me five rupees for a sight of it.'

I hereby warn the auditors that when they come to examine the Chittagong accounts they may find an item to the following effect:—

'By lodging for one night for one Missionary, two Bengali preachers, three Mugh ditto, one Mussulman cook, and six Mugh boatmen (including the "strong man.")

'By cooking rice for all, maintaining blazing fires for many, and dismissing each and every one in good humor to their further labors.

	Photographs	Table Knives.	Money.
Total	1 —	1 —	0 '

I further beg to inform the said auditors that should they object to such an item, as not being provided for in the ordinary ruling of the account books, that I have thought the matter over seriously, and have determined in reply to ask them kindly to point out how it could be done cheaper.

On the night of our visit one of our Mugh preachers sat up long after we had all retired to our beds on the floor, conversing with the Roaja on the subject of our Christian faith. The Roaja, I am told, was inclined to believe and declared his conviction, or rather his full knowledge, that, for a certain fact, if he became a Christian so would all the people on every side.

'The History of Gin.'

'Le Bien Social' has four striking pictures illustrating this subject. The first is named 'opulence,' and shows a sumptuous apartment, a gentleman in an easy chair, puffing his cigar, and a girl at the piano; and we read that this is 'he who manufactures it.' Alongside of that is one named 'riches,' and shows the tavern-keeper and his wife counting over the drawings of the day; and he is 'the one who sells it.' Below these we have the interior of a poor dwelling, husband and wife both with glass in hand, while a child on the floor eats a crust, and one sleeps on the mother's lap. Adjoining this is one picturing a well-to-do household, but the father is under the influence of the liquor which has made him a maniac, and he is on the point of attacking his wife with a knife, while a boy and girl manifest the utmost terror. These two pictures are named 'those who consume it.' The four pictures form an instructive object-lesson.— 'Temperance Record.'

A Good List.

Any reader of this advertisement may earn any one of the following premiums by selling the required number of 'Canadian Pictorials' at ten cents a copy, and sending us the proceeds.

Sell 18 and get No. 1 size camera; pictures, 2¼ x 2¼.

Sell 30 and get No. 2 size; pictures, 2¼ x 3¼.

Sell 5 and get one film roll, six exposures. Always mention size of camera in ordering films.

The old favorite premiums, too, at lower rates than ever.

Sell 9 and get a fine Rogers' Jackknife—two blades.

Sell 14 and get a fountain pen, gold nib.

Sell 20 and get a reliable nickel watch—(chain thrown in during summer months).

Sell 6 if you have a watch and want the chain only.

We trust you with a package to start on—write at once if you want the August number.

Full instructions and hints to agents sent to every applicant. Orders promptly filled.

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N.B.—This offer is not good for Montreal or suburbs, but Montreal boys away on their vacation may earn their premium by selling the 'Pictorial' at any seaside or summer resort in Canada.

BESSIE AND HER PETS.

Bessie and Her Pets

Many of our young readers have pets of one kind or another, which we trust are as kindly treated. The little girl in our picture is surrounded by her pets, and dearly does she love them. Kind and gentle words they are sure to hear when they come at Bessie's call; and many are the sweet 'coo's' she gets in return for them. Kind words are always echoed back. The dove is Bessie's favorite bird, and often when stroking its soft, glossy feathers she repeats the words of the hymn taught her by her dear grandfather:—

NOAH'S DOVE.

Dear little dove, when I think of you,
I wish I may flee for safety too:
A storm is coming, when Jesus will be,
To these who love Him, like the ark to thee.

Dear little dove, you did not know
Who 'twas that kept and sheltered you so;
But I can read of the Son of God,
Who to save my soul has shed His blood.

Dear little dove, you trusted in one
Who kept you safe till the storm was done;
May I believe and be sheltered too!
There's an ark for me as well as for you.

—'Children's Friend.'

Profane Swearing.

There are about 300,000 words in the English language. It does seem strange that with this great wealth of words, every phase of right thought cannot be fully expressed by right speech and clean words, without resorting to profane and vulgar discourse such as greets the ear at almost every turn in this city. Names that ought to be spoken only with the sincerest reverence, such as God, Jesus Christ, heaven, and hell, are flippantly, and with the vilest vulgarity and obscenity, bandied and mouthed about in a most profane, shameful, and irreverent manner. There may be greater sins than this senseless taking 'the name of God in vain,' but to me it is doubtful if a filthier habit has ever taken a more serious hold upon the youth of any country than the habit of vicious profanity has taken upon the boys and young men of this country.

We surely are favored as a people to be permitted to have our home in this beautiful country, so pleasant and healthful, so fertile and prosperous. Behind all the mystery and beauty of our land, and behind all the power and possibilities of humanity, is God. Within, at the source of all fertility, blessing, harmony, health, and prosperity, he abides, the Creator and Upholder of all things. Why do so many of our young men (not the ignorant and low-bred only) never mention his holy name but to curse their fellows, or befoul their lips with obscene and filthy phrases? I cannot understand it.

Some one may say: 'Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.' I scarcely agree with them. I do not like to think that boys, school lads, many of them reared in good homes, are as utterly bad inside as their smutty words indicate. Surely their ears have been attracted by the swaggering freedom, vulgar liberty, and foul talk of those with whom they have been permitted or forced to fraternize. 'Evil communications corrupt good manners.' The hearts of the children have become depraved because of the contaminating effect of evil words.

The name of God stands, or ought to stand, in our thought for everything that is great, pure, wise, holy, and helpful. It must grievously hurt and pain him to have the children of men, who are dependent on his loving bounty, revile and blaspheme him, and so misinterpret his purpose as to be continually beseeching him to curse their fellows.

But there is another name that in every form of rude, irreverent, coarse, and careless speech is even still more constantly bandied about. It is the name of Jesus. The Word of God tells us that Jesus Christ was 'God manifest in the flesh to take away our sin,' and that he 'bare our sins in his own body on the tree.' His name means 'Saver.' What a holy, helpful life he lived while on the earth! How kind he was to every one! By his dying he redeemed us. In his resurrection 'he hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places.'

How any of our bright boys—who surely have all read the story of his life in that little book, the New Testament, which can be purchased at any book-store for a few cents—can so far forget themselves as to speak ill of him, revile him, or ask him to curse and destroy, is quite beyond my comprehension. Yet in this city, and, I am credibly informed, all over this country, great numbers of men and boys, in common intercourse on every-day affairs, constantly repeat his name in a vulgar way, an oath or a curse.

The habit appears to be increasing at an alarming rate, and curiously enough, along with it the tobacco-smoking or chewing habit. They appear to go along together. I have known, and do know, a few young men who do not use tobacco. I never heard of an oath from one of these. The young men and lads that swagger along the streets of a fine evening, polluting the air and the ears of respectable people with their profanity, are almost always smoking.

It is high time that every father and mother, brother and sister, man and woman that loves in any degree purity, truth, decency, morality, and good citizenship, 'set their face as a flint' to stem this appalling tide of profanity, that like a miasma of the 'black death,' is defiling and corrupting our young people and children, destroying their reverence, vitiating their conceptions of decency, contaminating their minds, polluting their hearts, and hindering every good word and work.—Selected.

A Word to the Girls

Who is lovely? It is the girl who drops sweet words, kind remarks, and pleasant smiles as she passes along—who has a kind sympathy for every boy or girl she meets in trouble, and a kind hand to help her companions out of difficulty—who never scolds, never contends, never teases her mother, nor seeks in any way to diminish, but always to increase, her happiness. Would it not please you to pick up a string of pearls, drops of gold, diamonds, or precious stones, as you pass along the street? But these are the precious stones which never can be lost. Take the hand of the friendless—smile on the sad and dejected—sympathize with those in trouble—strive everywhere to diffuse around you sunshine and joy. If you do this you will be sure to be loved.

I will answer for it, the longer you read the Bible the more you will like it—it will grow sweeter and sweeter; and the more you get into the spirit of it the more you will get into the spirit of Christ.—'Romaine.'

Men Who Tempt the Devil.

Idleness is one of the greatest enemies of character. As someone has said, 'The devil tempts other men, but idle men tempt the devil.' Do not envy the idle man, whoever you may envy. You may have too much to do, and too many things to think about; still, do not envy the man who has not enough to think about, and has to fall back upon himself. The passions of human nature break loose in idle men, and wander over forbidden places seeking what they can devour.—Dr. James Stalker.

Temperance

Artificial Insanity.

In his work on 'The Pathology of the Mind,' Dr. Maudsley thus describes the action of alcohol:—'Alcohol yields the simplest instance in illustration of this disturbing action on mind of a foreign matter introduced into the blood from without; here, where each phase of an artificially-produced insanity is passed through successively in a brief space of time, we have the abstract and brief chronicle of the history of insanity. Its first effect is to produce an agreeable excitement, a lively flow of ideas, and a general activity of mind—a condition not unlike that which oftentimes precedes an attack of mania; and there follows, as in insanity, sensory and motor troubles, and the automatic excitation of ideas which start up and follow one another without order, so that more or less incoherence of thought and speech is exhibited, while at the same time passion is easily excited, which takes different forms according to the individual temperaments; after this stage has lasted for a time—in some others shorter—it passes into depression and maudlin melancholy, as convulsion passes into paralysis; the last stage of all being one of dementia and stupor. The different phases of mental disorder are compressed into a short period of time because the action of the poison is quick and transitory; but we have only to spread the poisonous action over years, as the regular drunkard does, and we get a chronic and enduring insanity in which the foregoing scenes are more slowly acted. Or, if death, cutting short the career of the individual, puts a stop to the full development of the tragedy in his life, we may still have it played out in the lives of his descendants; since the drunkenness of the parent becomes the insanity of the off-spring, which thereupon, if not interfered with, goes through the downward course of degeneracy described.'

The Bottle.

A room, whose windows—windows in name only, since every vestige of glass had vanished, it may have been years ago, its place being supplied by rags—rattled their skeletons of frames in a stiff November gale. A few crazy tiles upon the roof kept up an intermittent accompaniment, while every now and again small cascades of mortar coursed down the chimney into the rusty and broken-barred grate.

With his head upon his arm, lying over an old table, was a man, apparently contented—aye, it may be said, happy—with his lot, since the roar of the elements made no impression, awoke no expression of annoyance, or disturbed his dreams, for he slept soundly. His face was not a good face to look upon, sodden, with pendulous, trembling lower lip and twitching features, that told only too plainly what scaffolding had reared it. Vice, passion, and drink. Behold a slave more bound than by fetters of steel, more powerless than if held in granite walls, more helpless than if guarded by an army. Upon the table behold his fetters, his dungeon, and his gaoler—the bottle.

Upon the floor was the child, wide and hollow-eyed, gaunt with hunger, and vainly striving to get some warmth by huddling the straw upon which it lay close to its shivering body.

Evidently it was no relation to the man, else, surely upon such a night as this, he would have clasped it to his breast for warmth and comfort; but he took no notice, though for a moment he stirred uneasily, then stretched out a hand, as if blindly groping for something that he loved. The child saw the movement and scrambled up on to its bare feet to go towards the man, but at that moment he found what he was searching for, and clasped it tightly to his heart—the bottle. The child, looking through eyes that had long forsaken weeping as of no avail, fell back shivering upon its wet straw pallet; yet, though you may believe me not, the man was father to the child. The squalid room, the drunken man, the starving child, and, triumphant over all, the bottle. It was a picture fit for the pen of Hogarth.

An hour passed, two hours, and awoke some semblance of animation in the man. The child had managed to get a little sleep, but, at the first movement of the man, awoke alert and ready. Seeing the man was not yet awake, but heavy in drunken stupor, the child rose stealthily and withdrew the bottle from the arms that hugged it to his heart, and hid it underneath the straw of his pallet, and then lay down upon it. A few minutes, and the man awoke. This time he looked around, searching for his treasure, then he lurched heavily towards the wretched bed, and dealt the child a heavy kick.

'Whersh bottle, you young devil?' he stammered.

'Father!' came from the child's lips. Father! Oh! the mockery of that name! 'Father, I haven't it; and father you've had plenty to-night. Don't drink more! You've had it all. The bottle's empty.'

'Give it 'ere,' he yelled. 'You've emptied it, but I'll teach you to steal my drink.' He seized the child by the neck and dragged it roughly off the straw, and in so doing disclosed the bottle that the child had lain upon to hide. Grasping the bottle by the neck, he dealt the child a fearful blow upon the temple. With a low moan it fell back, bleeding from a frightful wound, and the man, muttering to himself and clasping his treasure, once more sat again at the table, took a long draught, and relapsed in drunken unconsciousness, while a glint of moonlight reflected on the bottle made it appear as the eye of a basilisk, cold, malignant, and still triumphant, gazing upon the scene.

Daybreak. The man woke slowly from his debauch.

'Ned,' he said; 'Ned, lad, come here.'

No answer.

'Ned, lad, here.'

Again no answer.

'Ned, my lad.' Surely those tones, so gentle, could never come from him. And yet they did; they were spoken as if he held a world of love for the lad that lay dead upon the floor, and, sunk, debased, and murderer though he was, he had loved his victim dearly.

'Ned! He must have gone out,' he muttered. Then staggering up, he went to get some few sticks to make a handful of fire. What was that that lay across the floor, a dark red stream still flowing feebly from its poor head. He pressed his hands to his temples.

'My God,' he cried, my God, he is dead! He has been killed! God have mercy, I have killed him!'

In a moment he was down upon his knees, with the poor body pressed tightly to his breast, rocking to and fro in anguish, crying wildly.

'Ned—my Ned!'—kissing with fearful energy the dead lips of his son, as though by very passion he could bring back life to him. Alas, there was no answering kiss, and the child that had hungered for a word only a few hours ago had now a thousand endearments showered upon its deaf, dead ears. And the man who spurned him with a kick was now a broken suppliant for one last kiss.

Gazing round, his eyes fell upon the bottle, the dirty label, smeared a dull crimson. With a loud cry, as recollection forced itself upon him, he seized the accursed thing and flung it across the room to shatter it in ten thousand pieces; but it struck the straw pallet, and with a sneering ring rolled undamaged to the floor. And the man, with a piercing scream, fell senseless by the body of his son.

Night. Again he woke to consciousness to find two policemen bending over him, the light from a 'bull's-eye' thrown upon his face.

Said one, 'He has murdered the lad with the bottle. See where he hit him, and the label is bloodstained. That was his weapon. Come, my man, up you get.'

They had placed the bottle upon the table, and, catching the reflection from the 'bull's-eye,' it seemed to show the dull red gleam of murder in its wicked eye of light.

With a shuddering cry he hid his face in his hands and passed with his captors out into the night. And the bottle stood triumphant upon the table. Triumphant over honor, over duty, over life itself. The uncrowned king, whose monarchy was absolute, nay, whose power is supreme when once its subjects bend the knee to its allegiance.—E. W. Towler, in 'Reynold's Newspaper.'

True and False Pleasures.

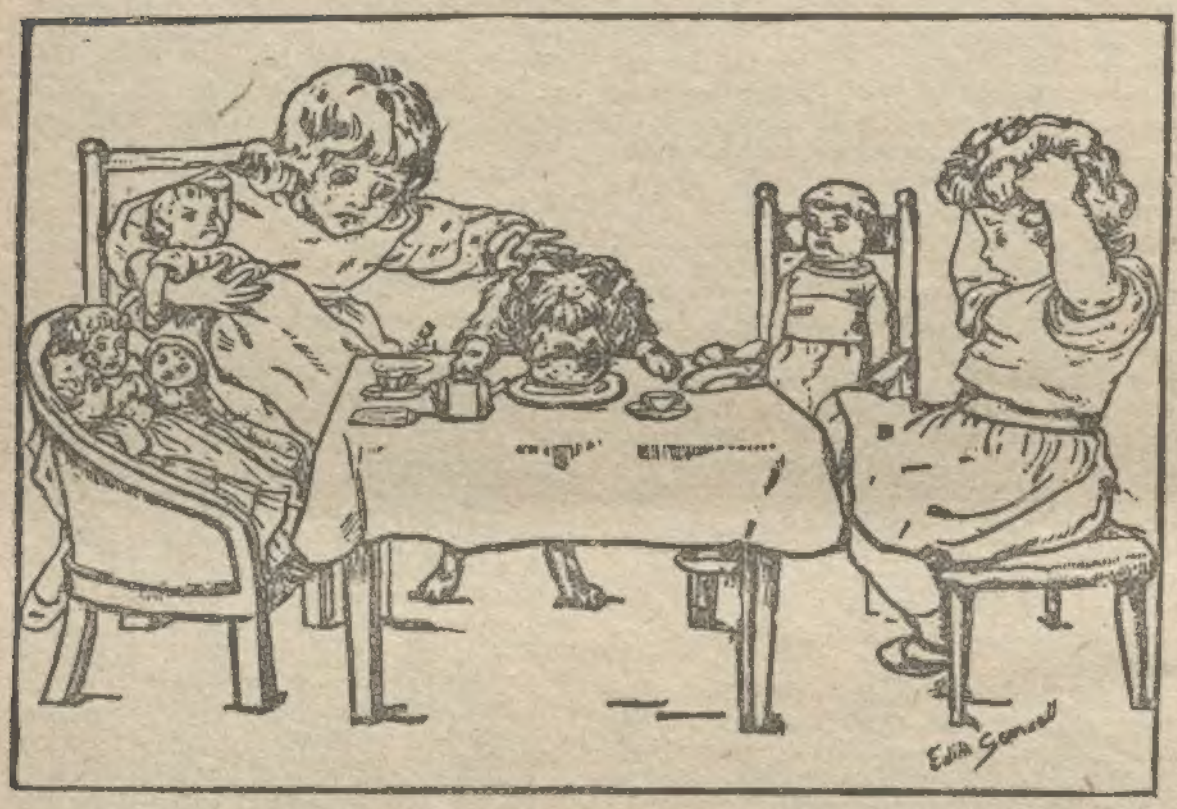
The man who feels most pleasure in putting brandy into his stomach, or in any way gratifying his nerves of sensation, is a mere beast. One whose chief pleasure is in the exercise of the limbs, and who plays without any exercise of the mind, is a more harmless sort of animal, like the lamb in the field, or the swallow skimming over meadow or pool. He whose delight is to represent nature by painting, or to build edifices by some beautiful idea, or to echo feelings in music, is of an immeasurably higher order. Higher still is he who is charmed by thought above everything, whose understanding gives him more satisfaction than any power he has. Higher still is he who is never so happy as when he is making other people happy—when he is relieving pain and giving pleasure to two or three, or more, people about him. Higher yet is he whose chief joy it is to labor at great and eternal thoughts, in which lies bound up the happiness of a nation, and perhaps a whole world, at a future time when he will be mouldering in his grave. Any man who is capable of this joy, and at the same time of spreading comfort and pleasure among the few who live round about him, is the noblest human being we can conceive of; he is also the happiest.—Miss Martineau.

Paying Taxes With Boys.

Some people never can see anything but the dollar argument in everything presented. Their first thought always is, Will it pay in dollars and cents? We believe that the prohibition of the liquor traffic would greatly reduce taxes by reducing court and pauper expenses. But even if it could be proved that prohibition does increase your taxes, are you not willing to pay something to protect your boys? It increases your taxes to maintain a police department and a fire department to protect your homes, but you do not object to this increase of taxes. Why, then, should you object to a small increase of taxes, if necessary, to protect the boys who live in these homes? If you vote for license in order to get the saloon's revenue to reduce your taxes, then you should be willing for your boys to patronize the saloon, for the saloons cannot run without boys any more than a saw mill can run without logs. If to get the saloon's revenue, you vote for license, will you contribute a boy to keep them running? Would you rather pay your taxes with your money or with your boy? Which?—'National Advocate.'

Notes and Notices.

21,000 Farm Laborers Wanted to Harvest Crops in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. —It is estimated that at least 21,000 farm laborers will be required this season to harvest the crops in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. Although somewhat later than usual, the harvest promises to be a banner one. The Canadian Pacific Railway is organizing a monster excursion from points in the Province of Quebec, to take care of the large numbers who will take advantage of the exceptionally low rate of $12.00. This rate will apply on September 12th only. Full particulars of the excursion can be obtained from the nearest railway ticket agent or on application to Mr. E. J. Hebert, General Agent, Passenger Department C. P. R., Windsor station Montreal.



The Rude Guest.

Betty Wilde to an afternoon tea
Invited my dollie, my doggie, and me.
'An afternoon tea in the morning at nine,
And please to be prompt in the rain or the shine.
The tea will be cambric, of course you must know,'
Said Betty to me; and I promise to go.
An afternoon tea is the politest thing
And I's s'prised and 'shamed at doggie Bing,
With paws on the table, as you may see,
His manners are shocking, we both agree.
—'The Child's Hour.'

BETH'S 'FRESH-AIR.'

'I just pos'tively know I sha'nt like him. Why, Nellie Downs, he's a "fresh-air!"'

'I don't know what that is,' said Nellie.

'You don't? Why, it's a boy that never has any, any fresh air, I mean; 'cause he lives in the city. An' so folks that have money send 'em—the boys—to the country, to folks that have big houses an' air. Our boy's coming to-night.'

'I should think it would be kind of fun. He can tell you 'bout city things.'

'Maybe 'twould be if he was going to be a nice boy, but I'm 'most sure he won't. He'll prob'ly be rough and teasey, an' I 'spect nothing but he'll pull Fluffykins' tail.'

'P'raps, now, he will be nice,' insisted Nellie, hopefully; 'boys are, sometimes.'

'Ye-es, only this one's so very poor, you see. Too poor to have any manners, I'm afraid. Of course I'm sorry for him, 'cause he is; but I pos'tively know I sha'nt like him.'

The fresh-air boy came that night. He was small and thin and freckled, and his poor little patched clothes showed that he was 'so very poor,' indeed. Grandpa was pretending to pull him out by the feet from the waggon which brought him to the door. Then he took off his cap and shook hands with mamma Ford, 'just as p'lite as anything,' Beth said.

'I never was so s'prised in my life, an' I've kept on getting s'priseder. He's nice, Nellie Downs, real special nice! He always says "please" and "thank you." I forget sometimes, but he doesn't.'

'I s'pose he pulls Fluffykins' tail,' Nellie said.

'I guess he don't. He's as good as good to her. Why, I shouldn't have any Fluffykins if it wasn't for him. I was going to tell you about it.'

'This very morning she went and fell in the brook. Tumbled right straight in. I wasn't there and she would have been all drowned, only Nat—that's his name—saw it an' tumbled right straight in after her. Oh, my! weren't they both wet! Soaking! Wasn't he a brave boy to do that? I don't believe Tommy Dale would have done it, and he isn't poor a bit. I guess poorness don't make any difference after all.' —Marion Mallette Thornton, in the 'Mayflower.'

LITTLE 'BUT THEN.'

Have you ever read the story of little 'But then' ? Her real name was Annie, but they called her little 'But then,' and I will tell you why. Her face was like a sunbeam and she was always looking for every bit of good she could find in everybody and everything. When Freddie came home and told in a ridiculous way the story of the new boy's first day at school, and how odd he looked in his brother's outgrown coat and trousers, little Annie began with her most earnest air: 'Yes, but then I didn't hear him say one naughty word all day, and he helped poor little Kelly out of the mud when he fell down.'

'That's just the way with you, little "But then,"' laughed Freddie. But he always loved Annie more than ever after such a speech as that, he couldn't help it.

When the day for the picnic which Annie and Fred had planned, dawned gray and cold, Freddie puckered his mouth ready to complain, but Annie soon snatched away all the frowns. 'I know it's going to rain, Freddie, but then you know we can cut those paper chains and hang them all over the attic and eat our picnic dinner up there. And it'll be nearly as nice as in the woods' (with an extra emphasis on the 'nearly').

'All right, little "But then,"' said Freddie, cheering up. A play with little 'But then,' in the attic was almost as good as a picnic, any day.

When she fell and broke her arm and had to have it bandaged for many days, she said over and over to her friends as they sympathized with her, 'Yes, it hurts, but then it could be worse, you know.'

All the other children made fun of poor old Mosey Crosby, but not so little 'But then.' 'Of course I know he is queer,' she said, 'but then he has no one to love or care for him, and it makes him cross to have the boys tease him so. I took him some flowers and you ought to have seen him smile and thank me over and over for them.'

And so it was by always trying to see the good and cheerful side of life that Annie came to be called little 'But then.' Would it not be worth while owning such a name if it stood for a sunny disposition like

hers that always smiled at discouragements and tried to find the good and lovely in everybody?—Selected.

The Two Thorns.

What Caused a Little Girl to Take a New View of Life.

It hurt. Every minute it seemed to hurt worse—worser, Elizabeth said. She kept uncrumpling her palm and looking at it, and touching it to make sure it hurt very much—and groaning softly under her breath. There was nobody in the world Elizabeth pitied so much as Elizabeth, for probably there wasn't any other little girl with a cruel thorn in her hand.

Mademoiselle looked sorry, but Elizabeth would not look at Mademoiselle. You don't look at folks that keep you a whole hour away from your play to learn your spelling all over again, or that say, 'What, what!' at you when you say your three tables. Folks like that you 'spise.

'Governesses are dreadful folks,' sighed Elizabeth. 'I wish my mother'd let me go to school instead of having me governed.' But she could not wish anything very long, except that the thorn would come out of her hand. It certainly did ache worser than ever—there now, didn't it! Hadn't she pinched it to see, and didn't it?

'Elizabeth'—the voice was quite gentle, but firm. Elizabeth did not turn round. Her little white forehead above the tan-line was wrinkled with real pain.

'There is still the spelling—'

As if she could learn her spelling with a thorn in her hand! But she opened the book again and whispered 'A-ch-e—a-ch-e' over and over to herself.

Why! Why! That was what she was doing now, this minute—a-ch-e-ing! Elizabeth laughed softly in spite of herself. After that the word was easy enough to spell. Elizabeth was eight; but as long as she lived, even when she was eighty, she would know how to spell a-ch-e.

Some one was talking to Mademoiselle at the door.

'No,' Mademoiselle was sighing, 'I can not yet come.' Some words Elizabeth lost there, then, 'She is my little—what you call?—thorn in the flesh.'

Elizabeth sat up straighter. The speller slid to the floor.

'She means me,' she thought. 'She's got one in her flesh, too, and it's—me!'

It was rather a startling idea. It had never been clear like that before—what her naughtiness was like to Mademoiselle. How much it must hurt if it was like a thorn in her hand! It must burn and sting and ache-a-che. How much it must a-ch-e!

Elizabeth found herself beginning to be sorry for Mademoiselle on account of that thorn. If some one would take it out, and nobody in the world could take it out except Elizabeth. And Elizabeth—she turned suddenly and ran to Mademoiselle.

'I'll take it out!' laughed Elizabeth, softly. 'I've got one in my hand, too, an' I know how it hurts. I never s-posed before that thorns and—and bad little girls hurt just alike. I can spell a-ch-e now, an' my tables. Don't you think it will come out of your flesh then?'

Mademoiselle understood. With a little cry she caught Elizabeth up and kissed her. Then as gently as she could she uncrumpled the little aching hand and drew out Elizabeth's thorn. They were both laughing when it was over so Mademoiselle's thorn must have come out, too.—Annie Hamilton Donnell, in 'Zion's Herald.'

Naughty Bobbie.

'I see the door is ajar; shut it for me, Bobbie, dear,' said mamma.

Bobbie was at play with his toys on the floor, but he did not look up or seem to hear.

'Bobbie,' said mamma once more, 'do you not hear me? Run quick and shut the door.'

Once more Bobbie did not seem to hear, but went on with his bricks and toy rabbit.

'Bobbie,' said his mamma once more, and this time her voice was stern, 'do as I tell you at once.'

But still Bobbie did not move. He did not want to go and shut the door, and he did not mean to either.

'I give you one more chance to do as I tell you, and to close the door,' said mamma.

An ugly frown came on Bobbie's face, and his lips began to pout. 'I don't want to shut the door,' he said, 'and I won't.'

Oh, how ugly he looked! His eyes flashed, and he was in a naughty temper.

Mamma did not speak again. She got up from her chair and took Bobbie by the hand and led him away into the corner.

'You will stand there, my boy,' she said, 'until you tell me you are sorry that you have disobeyed me, and until you go and shut the door.' And then she went back to her work.

Now, though Bobbie did not like to stand in the corner, he did not wish to do as mamma told him. He wanted his own way.

So he said to himself, 'No, I shall stand here all the day and all the night, but I shall not shut the door.'

Mamma did not speak, but went on with her work. Once Bobbie turned his head, and she saw him.

'Stand as I put you, Bobbie,' she said; 'I do not want to see your naughty face.'

So Bobbie stood, and then he was so full that he began to cry. 'I am sure ma will be sorry when she hears me cry,' he thought, 'then she will let me out.' So he began to sob and make a great noise.

But mamma did not seem to hear at all, so Bobbie stopped, for it was hard work to keep up the cry all the time. So he began to move his feet, but mamma said, 'Bobbie, keep your feet still. I will not have you move or fidget. Stand as I bid you.'

Poor Bobbie! What a silly boy he was. All his nice play was stopped, but he would not give in. This was a fight, you see, between a naughty boy and his wise mamma. And Bobbie hoped he would win the fight if he only held out long enough.

At last it began to grow dark, and mamma put up her work, and lit the lamp, and put on the kettle for tea.

Bobbie knew all this, and he began to feel very sad.

'You are a bad, silly boy,' said the little voice in his heart.

'I wish I was good again,' thought Bobbie; 'I do not like to stand like this.' So he said at last in a low, grumpy voice, 'Ma.' But mamma did not speak.

Then Bobbie said again, in a nicer voice, 'Mamma.'

'Yes, Bobbie.'

'Mamma, can I speak to you?'

'Yes, Bobbie, you can come here and speak to me.'

So Bobbie turned and came from the corner.

'I am sorry I would not shut the door,' he said. 'I will shut it now.'

'Very well,' said mamma quietly, 'do so, then.'

So Bobbie went and closed the door. Then mamma let him stand by her side while she spoke to him, and showed him how bad and foolish he had been. Bobbie cried, but good tears now.

'Now it is time to go to bed,' said mamma, 'put up your toys.'

Poor Bobbie! Next time mamma asks him to close the door, I think he will do so at once.—Selected.

Correspondence

C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am eleven years old. I go to school and am in the senior third class. I used to have to walk two miles, but we got a new school-house this summer and it is half a mile nearer. I live on a farm about eight miles from Meaford. We have a large hill near our house and we have great fun sleigh-riding in winter time. I will close with some riddles: 1. When is it that a chair may be said not to like you? 2. What is the board of education? 3. What plant is fatal to mice?

MABEL E. McCARTNEY.

[Your answers are correct, but have been given before, Mabel.]

G., Sask.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl ten years old, and have no brothers or sisters. I had a brother but he died. I go to school every day that I can, and am in the third reader. We live on a farm half a mile from the school and post-office. We call it Fair-view Farm. We had a Christmas tree at our school-house and it was decorated beautifully. There were lots of songs and recitations and dialogues. We scholars had three songs to sing.

OLGA L. WHITE.

[Your riddle has been asked before, Olga.]

S., Mass.

Dear Editor,—I am a boy of eight years. I go to school and am half in the third and half in the fourth grade. My teacher thinks I will go in the fifth grade next year. We have about forty acres of land, so we have lots of nice ground to play on in summer and coast on in winter. I was very sick yesterday, and could not go to school, but am better to-day, so I can go.

RALPH B. BOWMAN.

L. J., Ont.

Dear Editor,—This village contains two general stores, a shoe store, a post-office, barber shop, station, and has the C. P. R. and G. T. R. running through it. I tried my entrance examination this summer, and, happily, got through. I have one brother and two sisters alive and two brothers dead. I appreciate the drawings that I see in the 'Messenger,' and some of the drawings made by small children are very good. I will close with a riddle. Why are a swill barrel and a belt alike?

S. W., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl, six years old. I live on a farm and have to walk two miles and a half to school, so I cannot attend very regularly, but mamma taught me to read and write. I can read some of the stories in the 'Messenger,' the children's pages in the 'Presbyterian Record' and most of the New Testament. I have two sisters and four brothers. The youngest is four years younger than I am. His name is James. I have no pet animals; James is my only pet. I go to Sunday-school this summer. I have learned something about three good men, Jacob, Joseph and Moses.

KATHERINE J. McKENZIE.

Pardy's Island School.

Dear Editor,—As my teacher has given me time I made up my mind to write a letter to you. My father is a fisherman and I help mother to 'make' the fish. I have five brothers and one sister. I go to Sunday-school. We have a good library in our Sunday-school. I like our teacher very much indeed. I have a pet pussy and a dollie; they are great pets. I have been taking the 'Messenger' and like to read the stories, they are very interesting.

MARTHA J. MAYO.

Pardy's Island School.

Dear Editor,—We were given time in school to write a letter, and I thought that I would write to you. My father is a fisherman and mother and I have to 'make' the fish. I am going to school and am in the fourth reader. I like all my studies very much. On the 26th of June we had a concert. After it was over our teacher gave us a treat. Our teacher is good and kind. I have four brothers, one of them is at school and one goes fishing. Our school has closed and the holidays will last for six weeks.

GERTIE CHURCHILL.

Pardy's Island School.

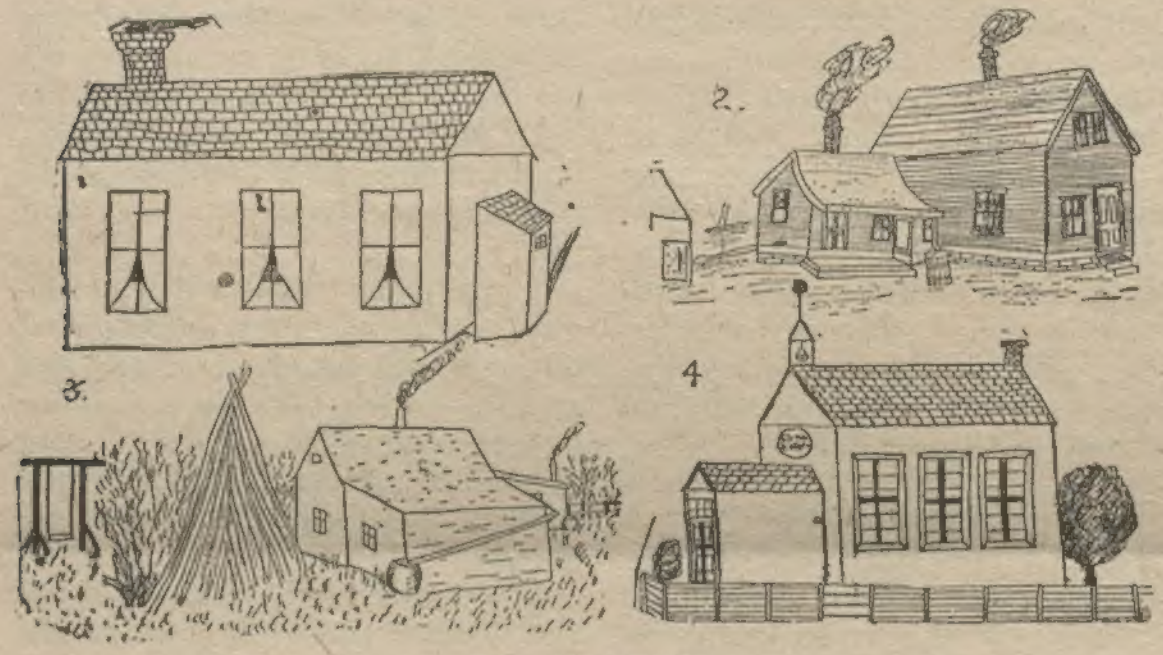
Dear Editor,—My teacher has given me time in school to write this letter. Our school is closed now for a little while. I have three brothers, one sister, five hens, three sheep and one cat. I am ten years old. Father does not get much fish. He used to get some salmon, but he does not get much now. I enjoy myself going to school very much. I suppose there will be school after the holidays are over. I go to Sunday-school and get books from the library.

LILLIE F. MAYS.

C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live by the Nation River and the boys play hockey on the ice. We had two games of hockey in which this place won, the scores being one game twelve to nothing, the other, four to one. There was a large crowd there to see it. I went for a trip into Ottawa with my brother. After dinner we went to the Parliament Buildings and climbed the tower, about three hundred steps, and when we got to the top of the tower we could see all over Ottawa and Hull. When we came down we went through part of the Parliament Buildings, which are very nice. About five o'clock we came home.

FRED. McCONNELL.



OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Our Schoolhouse.' Minnie Ursaki, R., Sask.

2. 'Our House.' Lelia M. Stevens, B., N.S.

3. 'A Western Home.' Nan Hopkins, R., Sask.

4. 'Grand Bend Schoolhouse.' Venitta Ravell, B., Ont.

Pardy's Island School.

Dear Editor,—I like going to school and I like lessons to learn. I am in the fourth reader. I cannot tell you anything about my sisters, for I have not got even one. I have three brothers, and a pet. Every Wednesday our teacher reads a story for us which she gets from the 'Northern Messenger,' and some of the stories are very interesting to us.

ELSIE C. [illegible]WELL.

P. D., N.S.

Dear Editor,—We live right by the salt water and have three steamers sailing here twice a week in the summer. One of them, the 'Strathcona,' caught fire coming from Halifax on Saturday evening, Dec. 22, and Captain Reid ran her ashore in our harbor. The passengers and crew got safe to land, and the steamer burned for two days and three nights. We watched the fire from our house, and mamma took me out of bed and wrapped a quilt round me so I could see the great sight. This is a long letter for a little girl to write herself, so I will close.

JEAN K. G. DUNLOP.

[Well done, Jean. We are glad to receive such a nice letter from such a little girl. Your riddle has been asked before.—Ed.]

R. Man.

Dear Editor,—We have only six horses and three colts, which are quite large. I have a rooster and two hens, and I think I will start raising chickens.

Our farm contains three hundred and twenty acres. There are only about ten acres which cannot be tilled. I can plow on a gang or sulky plow, and also sweep hay, and rake it. I was never allowed to drive a binder or mower alone, but I suppose I will soon learn to thread a binder.

JOHN WESLEY BIGGER.

H., Ont.

Dear Editor,—Although we have taken the 'Messenger' for many years I have never as yet written a letter to it, but it has always been my intention to do so. I have only lived here a few months. We formerly lived in a town called 'D.' I like living here so much, as it is near the lake. I wonder if any of the readers of the 'Messenger' collect old coins. I have thirty-four pieces now. My oldest one is dated 1742. I have been collecting ever since I was a very little girl. I like reading the correspondence page very much and enjoy guessing the riddles. My brother Lewis and myself see who can guess the most in a paper. I will close with some riddles: 1.—Why is a crow like a lawyer? 2.—When does a man become a seamstress?

GWENDOLINE F. MORRIS.

OTHER LETTERS.

E. H. and M. S., Hornings Mills, Ont., write a joint letter. They live on a farm and like it better than the city. The riddle enclosed has been asked before.

Gladys Bonck, D.R., Ont., is back at school by now, but she likes her teacher. She says their Sunday School had a very pleasant picnic.

'Young Toronto' sent a good drawing and three riddles. This is one of them—who is the longest poet?

Mary Stelter, N., Alta., says her home is very pretty in summer, but thinks the winter 'pretty cold.'

Eliza Weagle, M., N.S., also thinks her home pretty. She has no brothers or sisters. It is fine to have so many of our readers proud of their homes.

Violet D. Hoy, D., Que., has five sisters and five brothers, and two who live away in the west came home for a visit this summer. Yes, indeed, it must have been 'nice to see them again,' Violet.

Gladys M. Baldwin, L., Ont., says she would most like to visit Niagara Falls, Toronto, and Quebec.

HOUSEHOLD.

Mother.

(Miss Dora May Morrell, in the New York 'Observer.')

We had no title in her by right of birth. She who bore us died in her youth, crying: 'How can I die and leave my children? God, take care of them!' And in response He sent us Mother.

The first mother had been an invalid for months before she went away, and when she left them the house and children were under no better care than an ignorant, loving young Irish girl could give, aided by the advice of the neighbors who found time to take thought now and then for the motherless. Then Mother came, and the untidy, cheerless place began to be home. First, Mother laid aside all the jewellery, the silver and other personal property of the first mother, that each child as maturity approached should have something to recall her whom they might not otherwise remember. Then she made the house shine with cleanliness, and one does not know how cheering that is until he has been without it. Mother found every article of wearing apparel and of linen torn, and these she put into the shape that the good housekeeper desires. It was discouraging, that mountain of ragged clothing, but the angel in the woman made her face it as happily and contentedly as most women take their pleasures. It was not, however, the way in which most brides would care to spend a honeymoon.

The children loved Mother, and they loved to say the word. Mother said: 'You poor, dear babies, I believe you say "Mother" just because you love the word. You say it over and over as if it were something sweet.' And Mother answered back to that love with a life that never knew selfishness. When the dusk came down, instead of lighting lamps and working then she took the only rest her busy days knew, and the little ones would gather around her to listen to the stories she would tell them, and to hear her play on the piano and sing of 'The Little Boy That Died,' which would bring tears only to be dried by the adventures of 'Three Little Kittens Who Lost Their Mittens.' The children were very fond of an old-fashioned song, ''Tis Home Where'er the Heart Is,' and Mother was pleased when one of the little ones said to her: 'Then our home is where you are, isn't it?' So many of those old-fashioned melodies were heard first from Mother, and to-day a strain will bring back that simple room lighted only by the fire in the grate, Mother at the piano trying to give us the happiness our first mother would have wished us to know.

Mother was afraid the children would forget who had gone, so in the stories they were so fond of there was always one about the days when the first mother and Mother were little girls, how they went to school and played together, and then of the days when the little girls had grown to young ladies, and how the first mother had wished her boys to grow into good men and women, 'which is the best that can be said of anyone,' said this unworldly Mother. 'You can all be good, and that is all that counts, for it is all that goes with you when you go out of this life into the next.'

'Don't you think it would be fine to be rich?' asked the boy of the family.

'Yes, very nice; but it is possible to pay too much for money. The men who have done the most good for the world—men like Agassiz, Audubon, Livingston and hundreds of others—have never had time to make money, but they took what was best worth having, and so I hope you will, and enough money will always come for your needs.'

There is something beautiful to me in the memory of these talks with Mother and in her unworldliness. She really believed, did Mother, that money was a thing of small matter except as a convenience. As for rating one by the amount he possessed, that she never could have done. Mother ought to have known what money meant, for there was little enough of it in the family when she first came into it, and on what there was there was a claim for debt. Father was not called a poor man in those days. He owned his pretty home, was editor of the village paper, and stood well in the community. There always seemed to be enough in the home, and there were books and magazines unlimited. There were friends, too,—friends who read and talked of what they read. There was much of comfort and something of what are called the luxuries; but father's income outside of what went for business was but eight dollars a week, and of that two must be saved each week. Mother has often spoken of that. How can one think it a small talent which makes a family comfortable, feeds them so that sickness comes seldom, takes an active part in the charity called upon in the neighborhood, and inspires in the children under her charge the love of 'the true, the good, and the beautiful' that such a life must?

Mother feared debt as she did sin. She thought they were akin, so one of the first things she did was to help father stand clear with the world. She sold her watch and other jewellery, she taught music and drawing, she made one dollar do the work of two, and by and by there was no debt, and then there began to be a gain on the right side financially. Father has always said that the success which did come to him later was due to the influence of Mother and her prudence.

If I were to say what were Mother's chief characteristics I would say the sensse of duty, fortitude and honor, and, first of all, unselfishness. Mother never thought of herself. She never said, 'I cannot do that; I am too tired.' She said, 'There is something which must be done. I can somehow do it.' And she did.

While Mother's heart was happy in the thought of her own little one's coming, the youngest child of the family was taken seriously ill, and she cried day and night for Mother, and Mother always answered. To those who remonstrateed with her for giving of her strength when so much was demanded of it, she replied: 'God gave me this little one who is here. I think He means me to do first my duty to her, and I can't believe that I ought to shirk a present claim for a future; but I cannot stay away and know that dear child is calling for a Mother who will not answer.' That was mother. She has said since that when her own little one was born perfect in body she was so happy that it did not seem as if one heart could contain such bliss.

When I read or hear men say that women do not know what honor is, as a man knows it, I think of Mother. I have never seen anyone whose sense of honor was keener. Her worst enemy might safely have trusted to it and never feared betrayal even to Mother's gain. She who could not think a mean thought could not do an unworthy act. Once to the little girl who had been guilty of some childish prying Mother said:

'It is a kind of stealing to find out what people do not want you to know, and it is the meanest kind, because there is no way of giving back what you have taken. You must respect the rights of others—that is, just as you would not want anyone to find out your secrets, you must not find out theirs, and if by accident you should learn anything one wouldn't want you to know you must forget that you ever knew it, and never even look as if you did. I should be sorry to have my little girl a thief, and it is better to steal dollars than it is to steal secrets—confidences.'

Because she lived as she talked her lessons were vital. It was the same when the small girl told something a former chum had told her, and excused herself, girl fashion, because they did not speak to each other then.

'But you promised not to tell?' asked Mother.

'Yes'm, but we aren't friends any longer.'

'Then you promised only for the time you were friendly?'

'No, ma'am; I promised for ever.'

'Don't you see, then, that you have broken your word and done what is not fair and honest?'

Mother's sense of honor was founded on a verse in a Psalm which she had one day explained to us, 'He who sweareth to his own hurt and changeth not,' and is not that test of honor?

As years went on Mother's life broadened out in the love of children, their increasing importance socially, their marrying and their children. The days were sweeter if less strenuous, and she prized the esteem her own character had brought her, though she would have been, of all persons, the most surprised if she had been told that there was anything about her to admire. I never heard Mother make an uncharitable remark, and when one speculated on 'how Mary could afford to do this or that,' Mother usually suggested in a quiet way that it was something which concerned Mary alone. She had little patience for innuendoes against another.

At last Mother's life of activity had to be given up. The scourge of New England took her, too, and for five years she fought against it. It was very hard at first for her who had always ministered unto others to be ministered unto, 'as if she had outlived her usefulness,' she said; but when she knew that we felt her usefulness was more in the sympathy she gave us than in the tasks she did for us, and when she was brought to realize that it was a pleasure to do for her as she had done for us, it was not so hard for her to bear it. Human nature is so constituted that those who forget themselves are very often forgotten by those who really love them best, and so, maybe, Mother had sometimes found it when she was well, not that we then remembered, and the sense of what it would be to lose that interest, that love made every moment precious. Perhaps we loved her no more, but we showed her more plainly how dear she was to all of us and to each. Not long before she died she said that the five years of her illness had been the happiest of her life. It was sweet to her who had never thought of self to find family, neighbors, and many who had known her only by sight and name, remembering her with flowers or any of the kindnesses one shows the sick.

It was very hard for Mother to talk of religion or of any of the feelings which were so much to her, but an attack which was nearly the last of her life showed the thought which had animated her during the years when she had been Mother to us all. For a day she was delirious, and the burden of her cry was:

'What shall I tell Lute when she asks me what I did with her children? I loved them all.—yes, I loved them all. What will she think I did for them?' And so in heart-breaking tones she asked again and again, and no peace came to her till one of the children said: 'Tell her you were so true a mother that they loved her by loving you, and she will thank you.'

'Poor Lute, not to have known her children's love! I hope she will think I was a good mother to them.'

While the flicker of life lasted Mother was eager to know everything that concerned the children and the grandchildren. Her last words were the expression of a thought for another. To the nurse who was bending over her trying to make her sufferings less she said: Go sit down. You will be all tired out. I will go to sleep.' And when she woke it was where pain is no more, and whence no call of ours can bring reply; but we know that all life has been made better because of this beautiful soul, and that though the shell that contained it is no more, somewhere there live the nobility and sweetness that inspired it and unconsciously taught the beauty of truth and love.

How Worry Kills.

We often hear of men who are said to have died of overwork, but it is safe to assume that in nine out of ten of such cases there had been no overwork at all. That too much work has killed some people is not to be doubted, but this does not alter the fact that work pure and simple is one of the rarest of all rare causes of death. The mischief is done by the worry which often goes with the work, and is mistaken for it.

We do not yet understand the process by which worry undermines the general health, induces disease of the heart, of the arteries, and of the kidneys, or kills a man before his time; but that it does do such things is a fact only too well established.

It is true that worry often leads a per-

son to practices which are themselves injurious, such as over-indulgence in alcohol or tobacco, or perhaps the use of opium or cocaine or chloral; and disease and death are often attributable to the action of these poisons rather than to the effects of work or worry. But these will not explain the disaster in all cases.

It may be objected despairingly that, if worry is slow suicide, then almost none of us can escape. Very few men can be found who have no unfilled desires which they are striving to gratify, and who are so absolutely secure of the future that they may give literal heed to the biblical command to take no thought for the morrow.

But this forethought is not worry—at least it need not be worry—it is merely incertitude, prudent care for the future, or even slight anxiety. Harassing anxiety, impatient expectation, disproportionate fear of the unknown; this is worry, and this is what causes the heart to struggle, the kidneys to contract, the arteries to weaken, and the mind to fail.

No one who is not given to worry can conceive of the power which the habit gains over its victim. Such a one will freely admit the excellence of the advice not to worry, but he will add that it is impossible to follow it. This is true only in a measure and in a few cases. Barring instances of exceptional trouble, of extraordinary 'hard luck,' almost every one can by resolute determination reduce his worry within living limits.—'Youth's Companion.'

Selected Recipes.

SWEETBREADS WITH ASPARAGUS TIPS.—Sweetbreads parboiled and cut in small pieces; asparagus tips cut in small pieces, and boiled till tender. One tablespoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of flour, mixed with butter, one cup of cream, half cup of asparagus liquor; stir until it thickens. Add one cupful of tips, one pair of sweetbreads. Beat yokes of two eggs and stir in; cook three minutes; add one teaspoonful of salt and a dash of white pepper. Serve very hot.

SWEET POTATO CROQUETTES.—Mash four boiled sweet potatoes and beat to a cream with a large tablespoonful of butter, three tablespoonfuls of cream, a teaspoonful of sugar, salt to taste, a teaspoonful of lemon juice and a saltspoon of cinnamon. Beat an egg-yolk very light and stir it in and finally add the white of an egg, beaten to a stiff froth. Mold with the hands, dip in egg and roll in bread crumbs and fry in smoking fat. Sift powdered sugar over them and serve on a folded napkin.

POT ROAST.—A pot roast is an economical way of serving beef, and one which is generally liked. Use for this a portion of the brisket, which is one of the cheapest cuts of meat. To prepare, place in a pot without water, and stir about over the fire till well browned, after which add boiling water nearly sufficient to cover the meat. Boil slowly till done, allowing twenty minutes to a pound, adding when half done the salt. Half an hour before done, pare a few potatoes, and place them under the meat. When ready to take from the fire, thicken with flour, adding curry at the same time if desired. If properly cooked, the meat will be tender and the gravy rich and free from grease and lumps.

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